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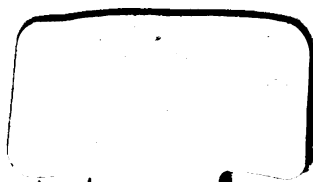
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IN MEMORIAM  
FRANCIS BISHOP HARRINGTON



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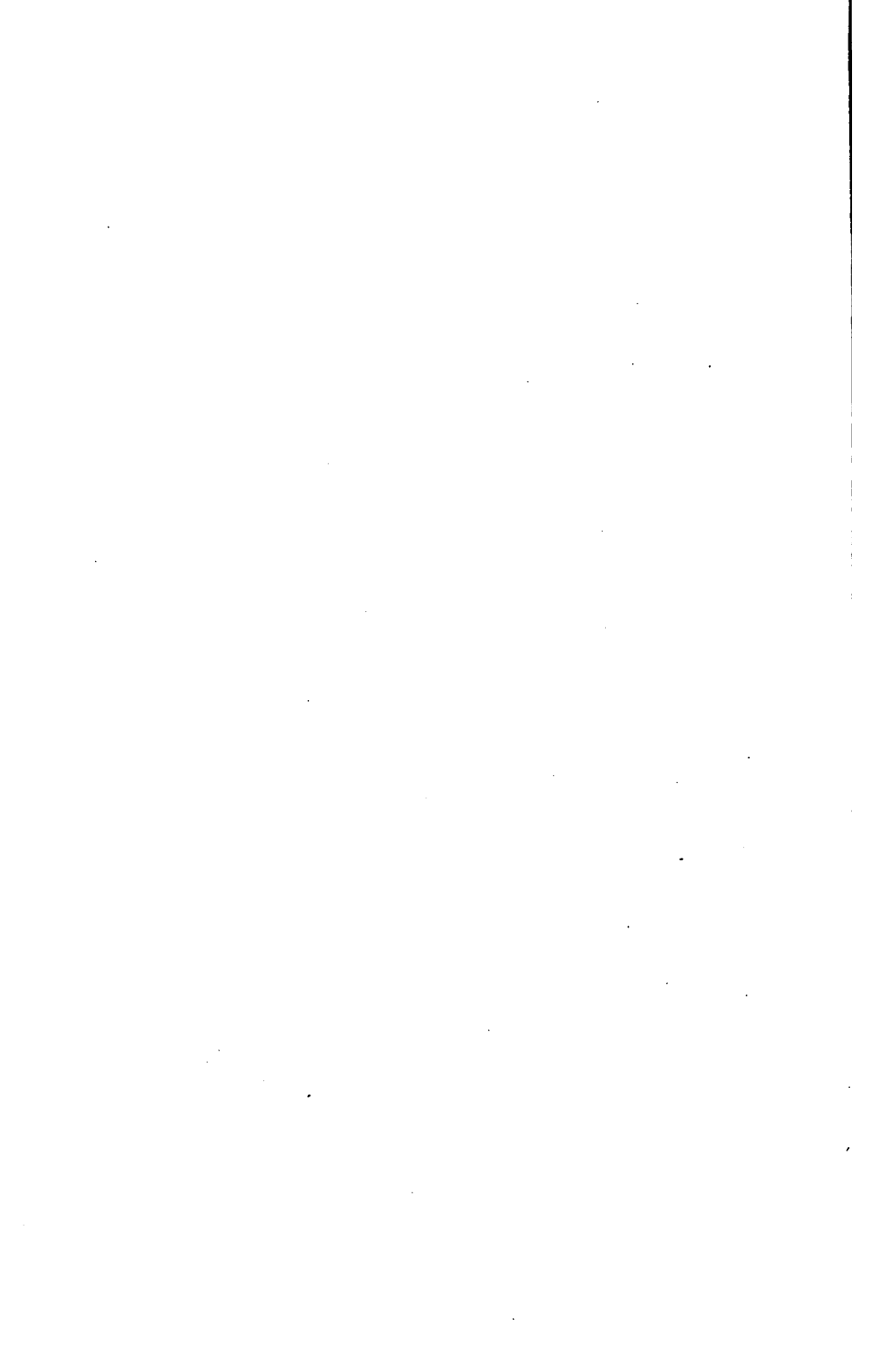


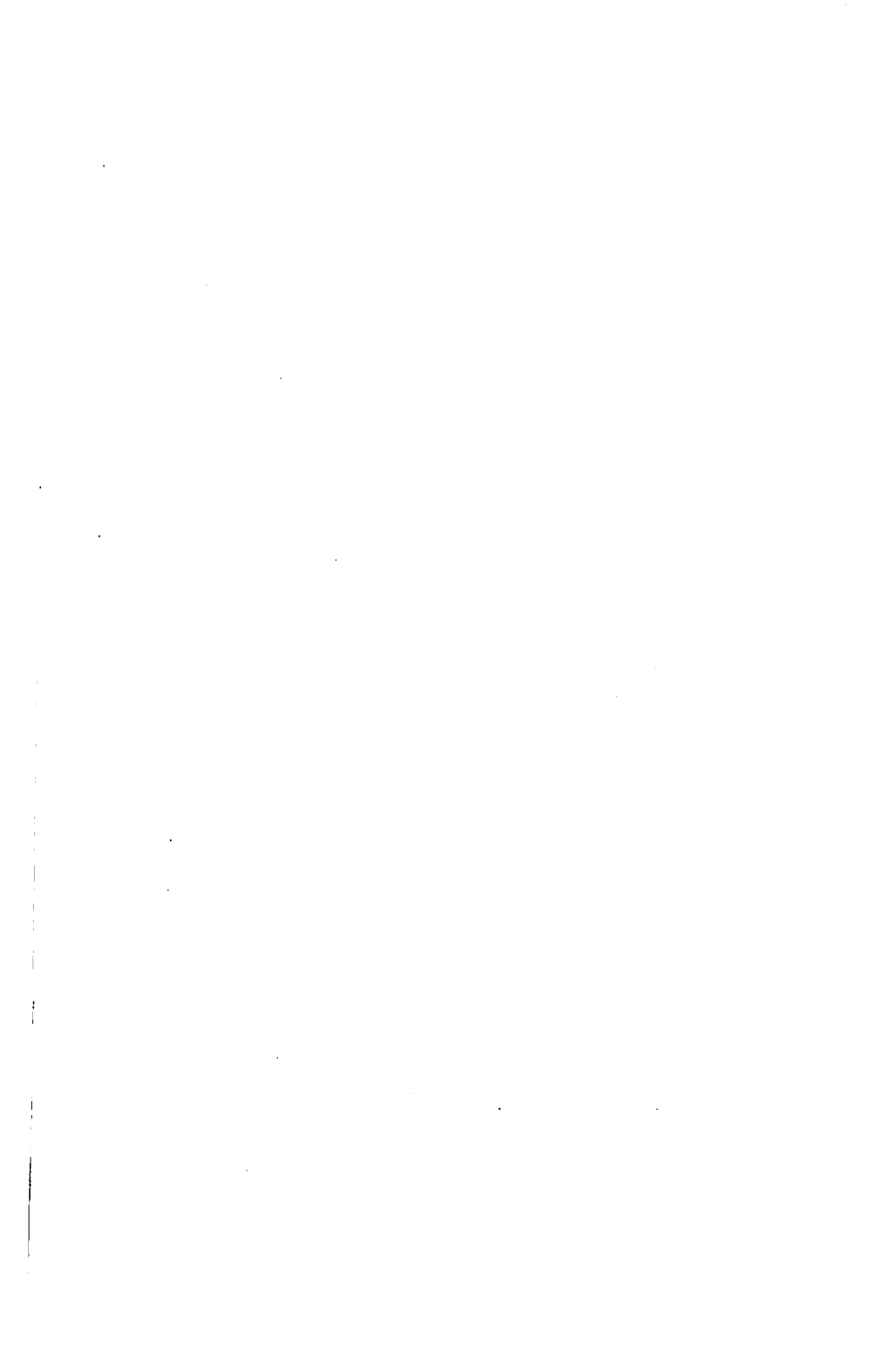




**FRANCIS BISHOP HARRINGTON**









FRANCIS BISHOP HARRINGTON



*IN MEMORIAM*  
FRANCIS BISHOP HARRINGTON  
1854-1914

2

BOSTON  
PRIVATELY PRINTED  
1915



*IN MEMORIAM*  
FRANCIS BISHOP HARRINGTON  
1854-1914

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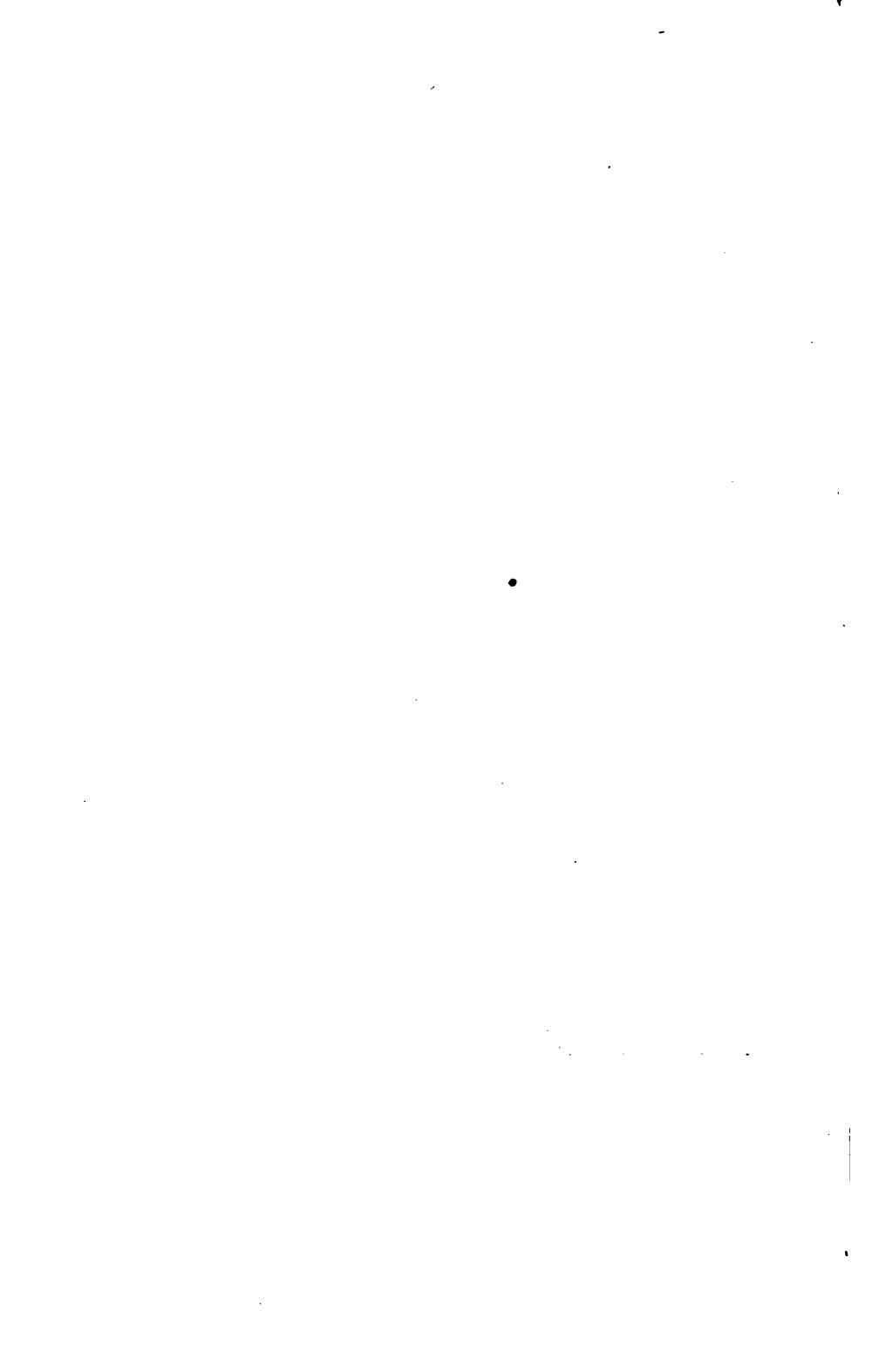
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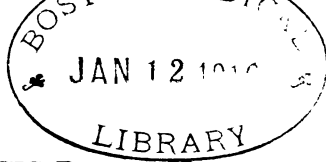


I

BY HERMAN F. VICKERY, M.D.







**F**RANCIS BISHOP HARRINGTON was of old New England stock, being descended in a direct line from Robert Harrington, who was one of the selectmen of Watertown, Massachusetts, for fifteen years, beginning in 1679. Robert's grandson received the degree of A.B. at Harvard in 1728. Four generations later came the subject of our sketch. He was born in Salem, August 15, 1854. Within six years his father died, at the early age of thirty-three, leaving three sons to be reared by his widow. In this she received substantial aid from her husband's brother, but the little household had frugal ways. In war-time the children were not allowed both molasses and butter on their bread. The mother was a remarkable woman, with the highest sense of truth, honor, and justice, wise and absolutely unselfish. The children of such a mother were fortunate, and it was natural that she received to the end the greatest love and veneration. Their home was on the outskirts of the town, purposely so located by the

invalid father, and Dr. Harrington never forgot the happy existence he led as a boy, summer and winter, except for the interruption of school hours, in the open fields and rocky caves of Salem. We can see, then, that various favorable influences acted on young Harrington: his ancestry, a love and opportunity for outdoor sports, the good schools of Salem, the modest worldly circumstances desiderated by Solomon, and above all, a perfect mother.

He entered Tufts College in 1873 and was duly graduated A.B. in 1877, standing as to scholarship about seventh in a class of seventeen. "He quickly won the respect and confidence of his teachers and of the whole student-body." In athletic pursuits he showed general excellence, and in the newly introduced game of football, in which he had had no special training, he was preëminent. A classmate, Professor William L. Hooper, says: "In the great victory won by Tufts [over Harvard] on Jarvis Field in the au-

turn of 1875 he was not only unquestionably the best player on our eleven, but proved to be practically invincible to the attacks of our opponents. With the ball safely tucked under his left arm and his long right arm swinging in front like the boom of a derrick, he would tear down the field to a touchdown, leaving in his path a line of Harvard men on their backs." During his college career, he made, as has been said, a favorable impression upon the faculty, and in later years he was more than once consulted by the authorities as to matters of college policy.

On leaving Tufts he entered the Harvard Medical School, living for the first year in the College Yard with his cousin, the late Dr. Charles Harrington. During 1880-81 he served as surgical house pupil in the Massachusetts General Hospital, and in 1881 he received the degree of M.D. He played football on the Varsity eleven the first year he was in the Medical School, but

his whole heart was not in the game. His profession had inspired a deeper and worthier love. Still throughout his life he enjoyed greatly outdoor recreations: tennis, golf, skating, tobogganing, camping, and fishing for trout and salmon in the Adirondacks and New Brunswick. Often he joined in games with his children, as young in his spirits as they. Those who were matched against him in any game did not find it wise to think he was beaten till it was entirely over. He did not particularly enjoy sailing, but he visited Europe and Bermuda and the Panama Canal. His excursions showed his wonderful recuperative powers and gave a literal meaning to the word "recreation." For example, when he started for Bermuda, last spring, he had high blood-pressure, and was worn down with work and agonizing abdominal pain, yet in a few days he was so comfortable and joyous and active that it was not easy to believe that his previous symptoms could have had an organic cause.

Throughout his life he read constantly, keeping well abreast of all professional advance and also of the world's progress in general. He had good musical ability. He had a keen sense of humor and caught the diamond flash of a joke wherever it might be; but for him to enjoy it, fun had to be clean and kindly. He faced the truth fearlessly, but also he was brave and hopeful and did not forget that the prophecy of a physician may carry with it its own fulfilment. He did not think it wise that the patient should bear the burden of all the untoward possibilities of his condition, and he was willing in a critical case to throw his own reputation into the balance if that might help to incline it in the right direction.

In 1882, he began the general practice of medicine in Boston; and in October of the same year he married Miss Abbie Josephine Ruggles of Fitchburg. Of this marriage I cannot omit to say that throughout his life it brought him happiness and inspiration. In

1884, he was appointed physician to out-patients in the Massachusetts General Hospital. Two years later, at the request of others and in accordance with his own preference, he was transferred to the surgical side. His subsequent promotions, appointments, and honors have been enumerated in the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* of July 16, and in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* of September, 1914. They need not be rehearsed now. Our purpose is to discourse, like the storm-tossed Trojans, about our departed comrade. *Amissos longo socios sermone requirunt*. What sort of a man is it whose loss we mourn, or rather for whose example and companionship these many years we rejoice? He was big and strong, singularly well proportioned, and handsome. His blue eyes were keen but friendly. His countenance revealed strength, intelligence, and refinement. His smile gave warmth and cheer. He had modesty, dignity, common sense, and unusual sagacity. He was high-

spirited, but he kept his temper. Under provocation, his voice became lower and gentler. He did an immense amount of work faithfully. He was efficient in emergencies, but he did not wait for the rare occurrence of unusual needs, to serve others. The little duties and the little kindnesses were constantly and most graciously performed. One inferred his religion from his life.

He was a first-rate physician as well as surgeon, and he would have been eminent in his profession if he had never operated. The time came, however, about twelve years ago, when it was physically impossible for him to continue in general practice, so that he occupied himself with surgery exclusively, with brilliant success. His methods have been discussed elsewhere from a technical standpoint. What impressed the ordinary professional observer was his good judgment and thoroughness and the usually successful outcome. And, as was said of him at the meeting of the Massachusetts



Medical Society on the day of his funeral, every patient became a friend.

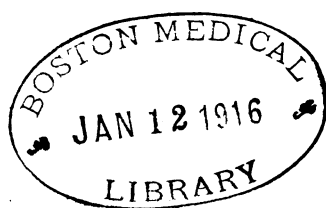
His classmate, Professor Hooper, describes him well, in the words of President Eliot: "A man of quick perceptions, broad sympathies, and wide affinities; responsive but independent; self-reliant but deferential; loving truth and candor, but also moderation and proportion; courageous but gentle; not finished but perfecting."

The world is better because he lived.

[BOSTON MEDICAL AND SURGICAL JOURNAL,  
JANUARY 21, 1915]

**II**

**BY MARGARET DELAND**



**I**N the death of Dr. Francis Harrington, Boston has lost a distinguished surgeon, but probably the first thought of his patients is that they have lost a friend. At his funeral at Arlington Street Church were many men and women who had personal reasons for recognizing his greatness in his profession, but I think that even they felt the pang of the severance of the human relationship before they grasped the significance of the other loss—the loss of a physician in whom they placed absolute trust. This is perhaps because his humility in regard to his own ability so impressed itself upon his friends that it was only when they considered him impersonally that they realized how far short of the truth was his own modest estimate of himself. Friends are so content with friendship they do not always measure a man's genius; so death does it for them. But this tribute is to the character of the man; the greatness of the surgeon needs no words.

“We take quiet, strong, kind people,” some one said once, “as we take air, and sea,

and sunshine; . . . we don't pretend to estimate them." Dr. Harrington was one of these people, "quiet, strong, kind." His nature was very large, very deep and sweet and sound; his mind was hospitable to other people's ideas, whether he accepted them or not. He respected earnestness, even when he did not agree with it. He was willing that his friends should differ from him radically in matters of opinion, requiring from them only one thing—reality. With affectation he had no patience—any more than with cruelty or untruth. Folly he bore with—for he knew the weakness of human nature; but injustice was intolerable to him, and unkind comments upon other people threw him into depressed silence. He was ready for eager discussion of principles, but every one who knew him well will remember how quiet he grew when, instead of principles, people were discussed. Gossip withered and died in his presence. He believed that, on the whole, everybody "meant well." It is a sim-



There is a  
great deal of  
work to be  
done in the  
field of  
education  
and it is  
the duty of  
every one  
to do his  
part. We  
must not  
forget that  
the future  
of our  
country  
depends  
upon the  
quality of  
our  
education.  
We must  
therefore  
strive to  
improve  
it in every  
way possible.  
This means  
that we must  
invest more  
money in  
education,  
that we must  
raise the  
standards  
of our  
schools,  
and that we  
must  
encourage  
our  
students  
to  
study  
hard.  
Only  
by  
these  
means  
can we  
ensure  
that our  
children  
will be  
able to  
take  
advantage  
of the  
opportunities  
which  
the  
future  
has in  
store for  
them.



F. B. H.  
*Massachusetts General Hospital*  
1889





ple creed, perhaps, but infinitely consoling when one grows discouraged over human nature. He believed in God, and so he believed also in us. He was optimistic, but not with the easy optimism of ignorance—he was acquainted with grief. Once, when asked whether, considering everything, he thought life was worth living, his face—grown weary in these latter years with the burden of other people's pain—suddenly shone with absolute beauty: "*I'm sure of it!*" he said.

His humanness was manifest, even when he was a struggling young doctor, living down on Charles Street, and "learning," as he used to say, smiling over the memory of those patientless days,—“learning to play on the cello—during office hours!” I remember a story of those early days told me nearly thirty years ago by Mrs. Allen, the almoner of Trinity Church. There was a forlorn old woman, living in a garret of a tumbling tenement, back in a small, dark court

at the North End; Mrs. Allen had found the poor soul here, sick, and sent for the young doctor—the “handsome young doctor,” I remember she called him, and no wonder! —with his charming, candid face, clear-eyed, ruddy-cheeked, a face of strength and delicacy, and full of the joy of living. It was pneumonia, and there was a long pull to bring the old woman back to health; but by and by she turned the corner, and began to get well. One night, at about ten o’clock, Mrs. Allen (herself the kindest of souls) climbed up the many flights of stairs of that noisome tenement to see how old Miss P. was getting along, and when she reached the garret, behold! the “young doctor” sitting at the bedside.

“Is she worse?” Mrs. Allen said anxiously.

“Oh, no,” said Dr. Harrington, cheerfully; “but I thought perhaps she might be lonely, so I dropped in to say how-do-you-do.”

"I thought!" That was the reason we loved him. To poor old Miss P. the fact that he had saved her life was less significant than that friendly and unnecessary visit, made because he "thought" of her loneliness.

Of stories like this there is no end: another old lady—a rich and humorous and happy old woman this time, but very ill—saw him enter her room to consult with her own physician. "He smiled, as he stood there in the doorway," she said,—"*and I felt better!*" How many people have felt better for that smile—benign, and humorous, and wise! Yet he was so wise that he knew when smiles or even words could not make the stricken human creature "feel better." There was a midnight visit at the hospital, where a patient lay between life and death, and the quiet command to the wife watching with the nurse at the bedside, "Come out with me for a few minutes and look at the stars." He led her out into the silence and

peace of the wintry night, and standing on a bare and wind-swept hilltop, they both silently "looked at the stars."

With Dr. Harrington, the cure of the patient did not stop with the healing of the body. I remember his chagrin because once, when an old patient came to see him, he could not recall just what he had done for him; he recalled him, perfectly, but not his own success in treating him. He was afraid that he had hurt the man's feelings—never guessing that recollection of his personality meant far more to his caller than recollection of a particular part of his person. To be careful about other people's feelings was instinctive with him; so Frank Harrington went about doing

*. . . those little kindnesses  
Which most leave undone, or despise;  
For naught that sets one's heart at ease,  
And giveth happiness and peace,  
Was low-esteemed in his eyes.*

This was his attitude to human nature at large, but especially to his patients. He had a

genius for friendship, and his patients felt he was their friend. He gave them, not only his skill, but himself. When they were sorrowful, they went to him for comfort; when they were frightened, they went to him for courage; when they suffered, they went to him for relief—and none were turned empty away! To Sorrow he gave his own deep and simple belief in the righteous purpose of the universe; to Fear, his superb, unfaltering courage; to Pain, his skill—let those who have gone down into the shadow of death clinging to that strong hand, and by that hand been led back to life, tell how he gave his skill! There were no bounds to his generosity in giving—except the bounds of his own life. Spiritually, he had more and more to give as he grew older, but physically he had less. Yet he was never too fatigued to rise up and pour his wealth of sympathy and power into outstretched hands—and how many begging hands there were! Once, when urged to have a very necessary

operation performed upon himself without delay, he shook his head. "Next month," he said cheerfully; "there are people who need me just now." So, giving to those people who needed him, until the end, he died.

*Greater love hath no man than this.*

*Editor's Note to foregoing Article in  
Harvard Graduates' Magazine, September, 1914*

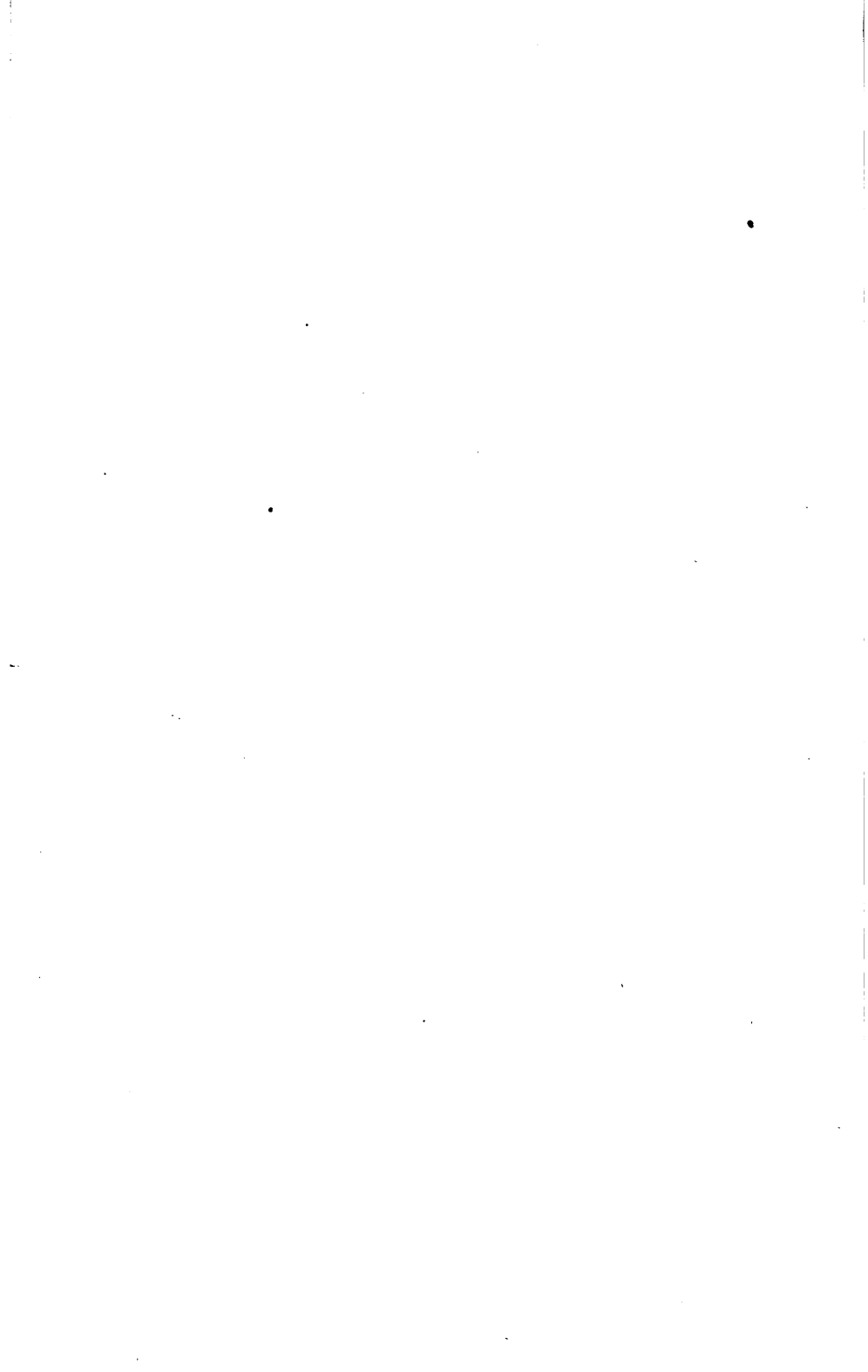
[Francis Bishop Harrington, the son of Samuel Bishop and Caroline E. (Hawes) Harrington, was born at Salem, Mass., August 15, 1854. After graduating A.B. at Tufts College in 1877, he entered the Harvard Medical School, and took the degree of M.D. there in 1881. During 1880-81, he served as surgical house pupil at the Massachusetts General Hospital. He began practice in Boston, January 16, 1882; was appointed physician to the out-patient department of the Massachusetts General Hospital, April 18, 1884, and physician to the same, March 12, 1886. His later appointments at the hospital were visiting surgeon, April 13, 1894, and surgeon-in-chief, August 1, 1911; he resigned the latter position on February 4, 1914, when he was appointed surgeon. From 1889 to 1894, inclusive, Dr. Harrington was an assistant in clinical surgery at the Harvard Medical School, and from 1903 until his death he was a lecturer there. He served on the administrative board of the School; was medical adviser to the trustees of the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital; and a member of the American Surgical Association, the Massachusetts Medical Society, the Boston Society of Medical Sciences, the Obstetrical Society of Boston, the Boston Society for Medical Improvement, and the Boston Medical Library. The *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* says he "was one of the best general surgeons of his day. . . . He was naturally disposed to state the plain truth — and this is science. . . . His own modesty and dread of publicity always insisted in pushing some one else forward to take the credit of his own work. . . . Few of the younger surgeons to-day know that we owe to Dr. Harrington the technic of 'walling off' in abdominal surgery, or that it was he who introduced in Boston intravenous saline infusion for the relief of shock and hemorrhage. His work on 'Carbolic Gan-



grene of the Extremities' has been generally recognized in the text-books. An ingenious device, the 'segmented ring,' for intestinal anastomosis, attests his originality and should be more widely known." He married, October 2, 1882, Miss Abbie Josephine Ruggles of Fitchburg, who survives him with two daughters—Caroline Elizabeth, wife of Arthur H. Brooks, '91, and Ruth Harrington. Dr. Harrington died after an operation on June 8, 1914. He is the fourth great surgeon in the East who has recently died, the others being John C. Munro, '81, Maurice Richardson, '73, and Arthur T. Cabot, '72.]

**III**

**BY ERNEST AMORY CODMAN, M.D.**



**N**O adequate obituary can be written of Dr. Harrington. The purity of his character set him apart from other men so that he may not be measured by ordinary standards. He was successful, honored, respected, loved, and he had no enemies.

He was born August 15, 1854, was graduated from Tufts College in 1877, and from the Harvard Medical School in 1881. He served as surgical house pupil at the Massachusetts General Hospital during 1880-81. In October, 1882, he married Miss Abbie Josephine Ruggles. He was appointed physician to the out-patient department of the Massachusetts General Hospital, April 18, 1884, and surgeon to the out-patient department on March 12, 1886. His later appointments at the hospital were visiting surgeon, April 13, 1894, and surgeon-in-chief, August 1, 1911. The latter position he resigned February 4, 1914, and was appointed consulting surgeon on the same date.

Dr. Harrington was a lecturer on surgery at the Harvard Medical School and had

served as a member of its administrative board. He was also honored with the position of medical adviser to the trustees of the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital. His society membership included the American Surgical Association, the Massachusetts Medical Society, the Boston Society of Medical Sciences, the Obstetrical Society of Boston, the Boston Society for Medical Improvement, and the Boston Medical Library.

He died June 8, 1914, of intestinal obstruction following an operation which revealed duodenal ulcers and gall-stones. He left a wife and two daughters, Mrs. Arthur H. Brooks and Miss Ruth Harrington.

Dr. Harrington was one of the best general surgeons of his day, although not especially distinguished as an operator, a teacher, an investigator, or as a pioneer in any particular branch of surgery. Yet it may be said that no man in his generation in Boston did more for the science of surgery than he. He was naturally disposed to state the plain

FRANCIS B. HARRINGTON, M.D.,  
201 BEACON STREET,  
BOSTON.  
OFFICE HOUR: 2 TO 3 P.M.

Dear Anna:

At your request I am re-  
turning my note to Mr. Codman.

We agree about so many things that  
I regret that we should differ on  
matters which you have so much at  
heart. But I am sure that we  
shall not allow such difference  
of opinion to interfere with our  
friendship which has meant a  
great deal to me.

May 21 -  
1914

Sincerely  
Frank B. Harrington

To his own contributions he seldom alluded. Few of the younger surgeons to-day know that we owe to Dr. Harrington the technic of "walling off" in abdominal surgery, or that it was he who introduced in Boston intravenous saline infusion for the relief of shock and hemorrhage. His work on "Carbolic Gangrene of the Extremities" has been generally recognized in the text-books. An ingenious device, the "segmented ring," for intestinal anastomosis, attests his originality and should be more widely known. The same ingenuity of mind made him resourceful in operating when unexpected or unusual conditions presented themselves.

As an operator he was slow and careful rather than dextrous and brilliant. The result to the individual patient on the table was the paramount idea in his mind. Though he did not care for showy technic, he was a very successful surgeon, judging by the actual outcome of his operations. The thoughtful consideration he gave to the purpose of the

operation, his faithfulness and care, as well as his great skill, were responsible for the results. It was certainly not because he considered statistics. He had no pride in mere operating. He was free from the characteristic faults which have often marred as well as made the success of great surgeons. Vanity, boastfulness, egotism, and avarice were foreign to his nature, so that he reached the highest honors in his profession not by seeking positions of responsibility but by conscientiously attending to the duties for which he was chosen by his colleagues. Perhaps the greatest honor accorded him was his selection as medical adviser to the trustees of the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, at the time when its policies were being shaped and its staff selected.

He did not believe in aggression, but held that progress is more surely made without arousing antagonism. He obviously dreaded any unpleasantness. It was his firm belief that human, like mechanical friction, is



wasted energy. Long ago he found that in helping the good causes of others he could accomplish more than by riding his own hobbies. One is seldom considered aggressive for helping on the plans of some one else, and yet the good accomplished may be the same. Sometimes it seemed as if he let his own pleasure in earning the gratitude of the individual weigh perhaps too heavily against the broader but relatively joyless work of helping the race by aiding it in conquering the diseases which are decimating it. He certainly had a keen clinical sense and could have investigated and written much more had he chosen to do so. The devotees of surgery may regret that he did not spare more energy to investigation, but his patients and pupils were the gainers by many a kindly and encouraging talk, for which he always found time. Many of his juniors still at work in Boston recall with gratitude his timely help in their first years of practice.

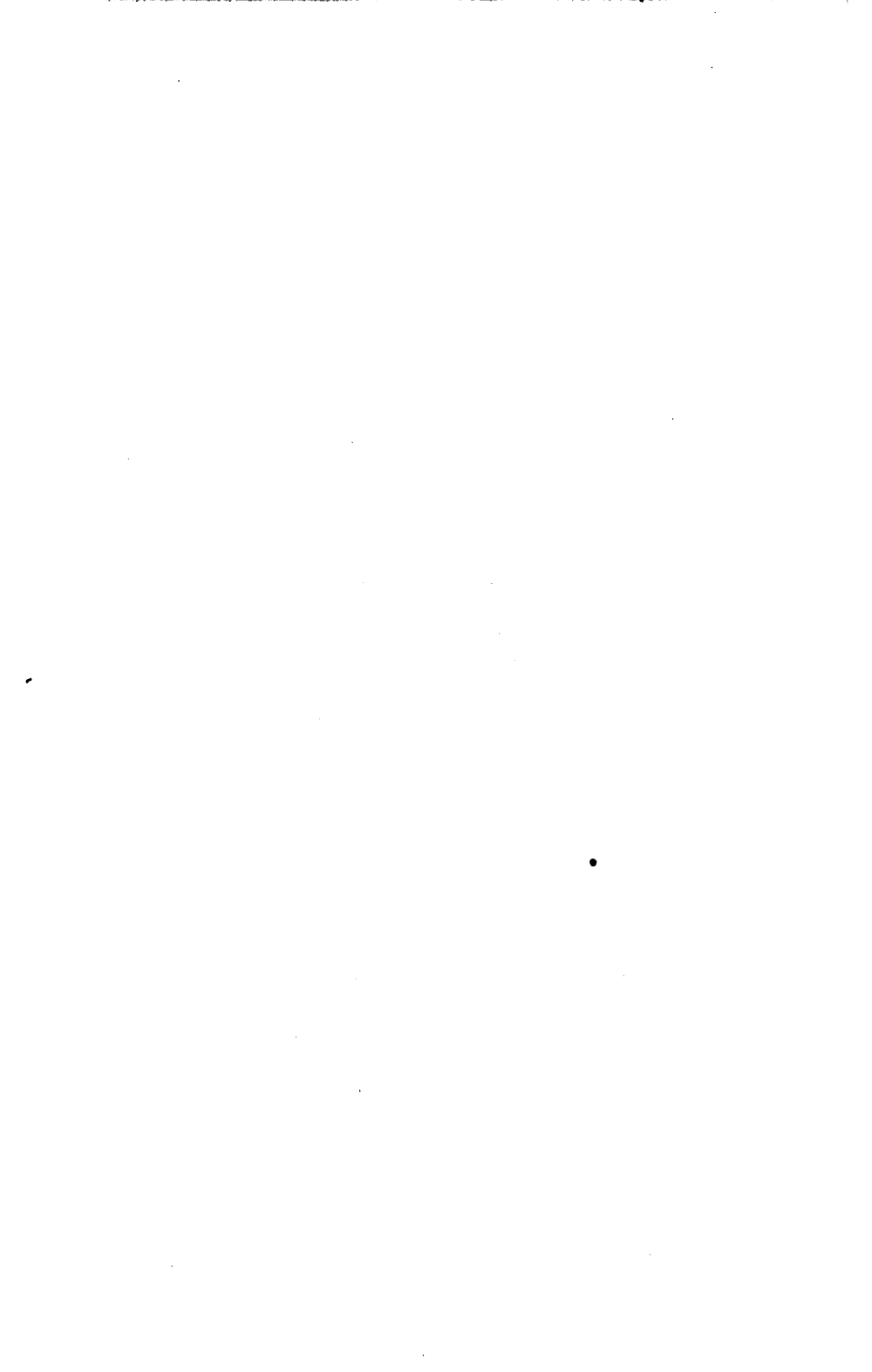
The attitude of his patients toward him is exemplified by the following tribute of Ellen Douglas Deland printed in the *Boston Evening Transcript*: "For fifteen years he has been my friend. I went to him a stranger, for I lived then in a distant city. He gave me of his time, his wonderful skill, and above all, his friendship. Who that has been his patient can forget his tender care, his interest in the human being as well as in the case, his cheery presence, his invigorating personality? Who that has been his friend can forget his loyalty, his sincerity, the honest friendship in his eyes? Unselfish in all the relations of life, he remembered ever to do the little kindly acts which, although small in themselves, count for so much. It was remarkable that so busy a surgeon could manage to find time even to think of them, but they were never left undone. He was a quiet man, simple in his tastes and liking simplicity in others, but he was a man of undeniable strength and wisdom. And his was a radiant nature. He made

one think of sunshine and blue skies. I have heard people say that it cheered them merely to receive his greeting when he passed them on the street, he gave such a cordial bow, so friendly a smile. He was always ready to help and encourage others, and ready, too,—oh, rare gift!—to see the best in others. He has left the world a sadder place because he is no longer in it; he has left it a better place because he once was here.”

[BOSTON MEDICAL AND SURGICAL JOURNAL, JULY, 1914]

IV

BY WILLIAM L. HOOPER, '77



**I**N the death of Dr. Harrington, which occurred on the 8th of June, 1914, at the Corey Hill Hospital, Tufts College lost one of its most distinguished alumni and the country one of its leading surgeons.

Dr. Harrington was born in Salem on the 15th of August, 1854, the son of Samuel and Caroline Elizabeth (Hawes) Harrington. After passing through the schools of his native city, he entered Tufts College in 1873, where, by his kindly disposition, quiet modesty, and unfailing common sense, he quickly won the respect and confidence of his teachers and of the entire student-body. He was not a brilliant student, but his work was faithfully and acceptably performed; he stood about seventh in a class of seventeen.

Dr. Harrington is perhaps best remembered by the college men of his time as a good, all-round athlete, and especially as a man of really remarkable ability in the then newly introduced game of football. In the great victory won by Tufts on Jarvis Field,

in the autumn of 1875, he was not only unquestionably the best player on our eleven, but proved to be practically invincible to the attacks of our opponents. With the ball safely tucked under his left arm and his long right arm swinging in front like the boom of a derrick, he would tear down the field to a touchdown, leaving in his path a line of Harvard men on their backs. He never lost his interest in the game. Only a few years ago one of our students called upon him for advice concerning an operation rendered necessary by a football injury. At the conclusion of the interview, as they shook hands, the doctor patted the young man on the shoulder, saying: "It's a great game, Billy, a great game. I envy you who are young and strong enough to play it."

Dr. Harrington graduated from the Harvard Medical School in 1881. The following year he began the general practice of medicine in Boston, his office and residence being first at 98 Charles Street. His refined and

gentle manners, his painstaking diagnoses, and his never-failing interest in and care for the welfare of his patients won the confidence of all and he quickly built up an excellent practice. After a few years he moved to 201 Beacon Street, where he continued to the time of his death.

In October, 1882, he married Miss Abbie Josephine Ruggles of Fitchburg, a granddaughter of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Whittemore, who with two daughters ( Mrs. Arthur H. Brooks and Miss Ruth Harrington ) survives him.

During the past several years he had suffered from serious intestinal troubles, and was compelled at times to seek rest and recreation in the Canadian woods or at his farm in Ipswich. His death followed an operation of the same general nature as that he so successfully performed upon Senator Lodge less than a year before.

It is as a surgeon rather than as a physician that Dr. Harrington was best known.



He was connected with the Massachusetts General Hospital through the larger part of his professional career, having risen through the various grades to be chief of staff. He was a Fellow of the American College of Surgeons, and a member of the very select American Surgical Association, the total membership of which is limited to one hundred and twenty-five. Dr. Harrington's success as a surgeon depended upon his sound judgment and ability to take almost infinite pains in diagnosis and operation. He never attempted to be brilliant, he never played to the galleries, and he was never in haste to adopt new methods and technique; though often he was among the first to recognize the value of new work done by others and was himself fertile and courageous in meeting unforeseen emergencies. Though less in the public eye than some of his colleagues, no New England surgeon has had a higher professional reputation; none have been able to show a record of more uniformly good

Sept. 27 1913

Dear Mamie:

Here is something to  
help keep Henry Bellows Robbins  
warm. With it go my love and  
congratulations. Congratulations to him  
for being the son of such a wonderful  
mother. Josie laughed at me very  
pleasantly and sweetly when I told  
her that I bought it with "my own  
money and with my own hands."  
When the Doctor says I may, I  
want to see you

Affectionately

Frank B. Ramsey

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results. For many years he was a lecturer in the Harvard Medical School and a member of its Administration Board. Before the Trustees of the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital started to build, they selected Dr. Harrington for their adviser at a considerable fixed salary. He was not upon the hospital staff; but he was "the man behind the gun," the one who largely directed its policies and appointments:

Dr. Harrington's conscientious attention to work left little time for writing, but his few articles were distinct contributions to surgical literature and were widely noted.

His advice was often sought by medical and surgical committees and associations, and matters intrusted to him received careful and painstaking consideration. It is unfortunate that, in these days of extreme specialization, we should have so few men of all-round competency in medicine and surgery.

Until the effects of overwork compelled him to abandon the general practice of medicine, about eleven years ago, Dr. Harrington was one of these few, almost the only one of great prominence, who continued to practice both medicine and surgery. It is this breadth of view and attainments that rendered his advice so valuable alike to patients and to the profession.

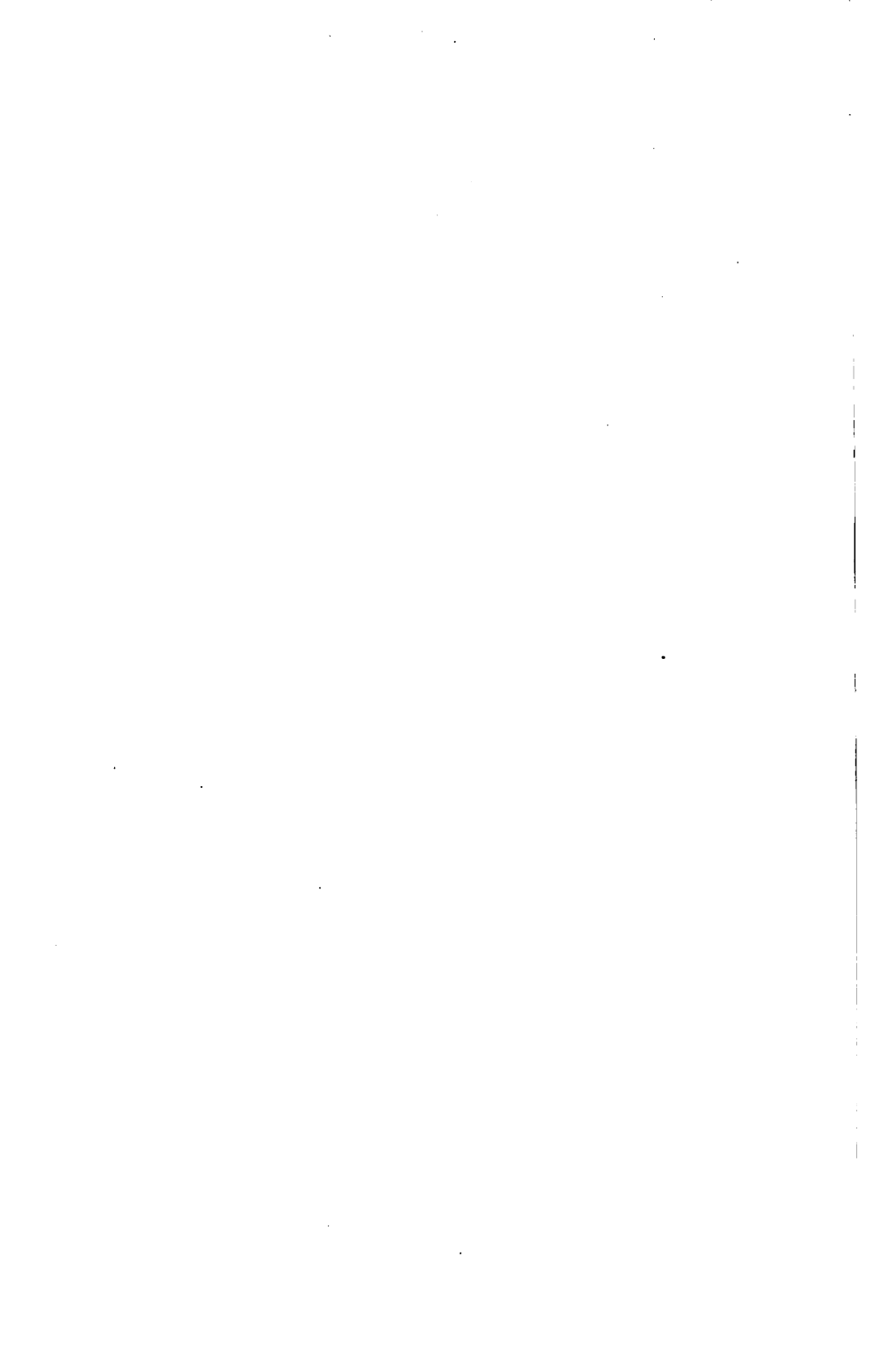
Dr. Harrington's leading characteristics were a modest dignity, a never-failing common sense, and a sympathetic regard for others. He had no patience with sham and pretence, but was always ready to praise worthy achievement. He was much more than a student in his profession—he was a man of wisdom.

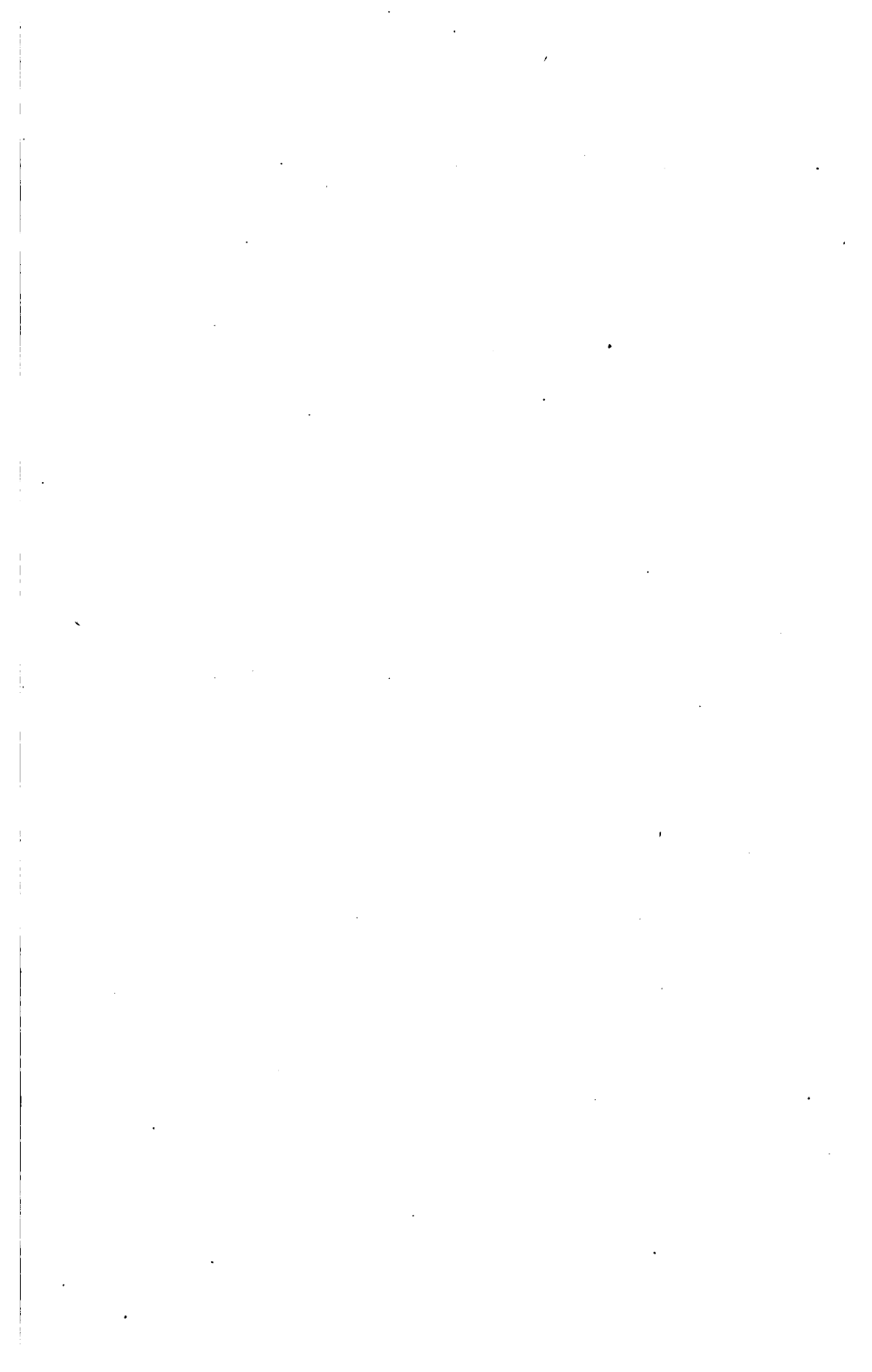
To no man of my acquaintance does President Eliot's definition of a cultivated man more fitly apply. He was "a man of quick perceptions, broad sympathies, and wide affinities; responsive but independent; self-reliant but deferential; loving truth and

candor, but also moderation and proportion;  
courageous but gentle; not finished but perfecting."

[THE TUFTS COLLEGE GRADUATE, JULY, 1914]













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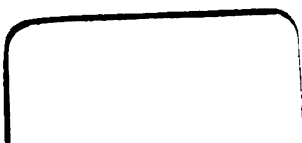
In memoriam, Francis Bishop Har1915

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